

# COMIC CUTS 2

## GOOD NEWS ON PAGE 2!

### KING OF COMICS

# COMIC CUTS

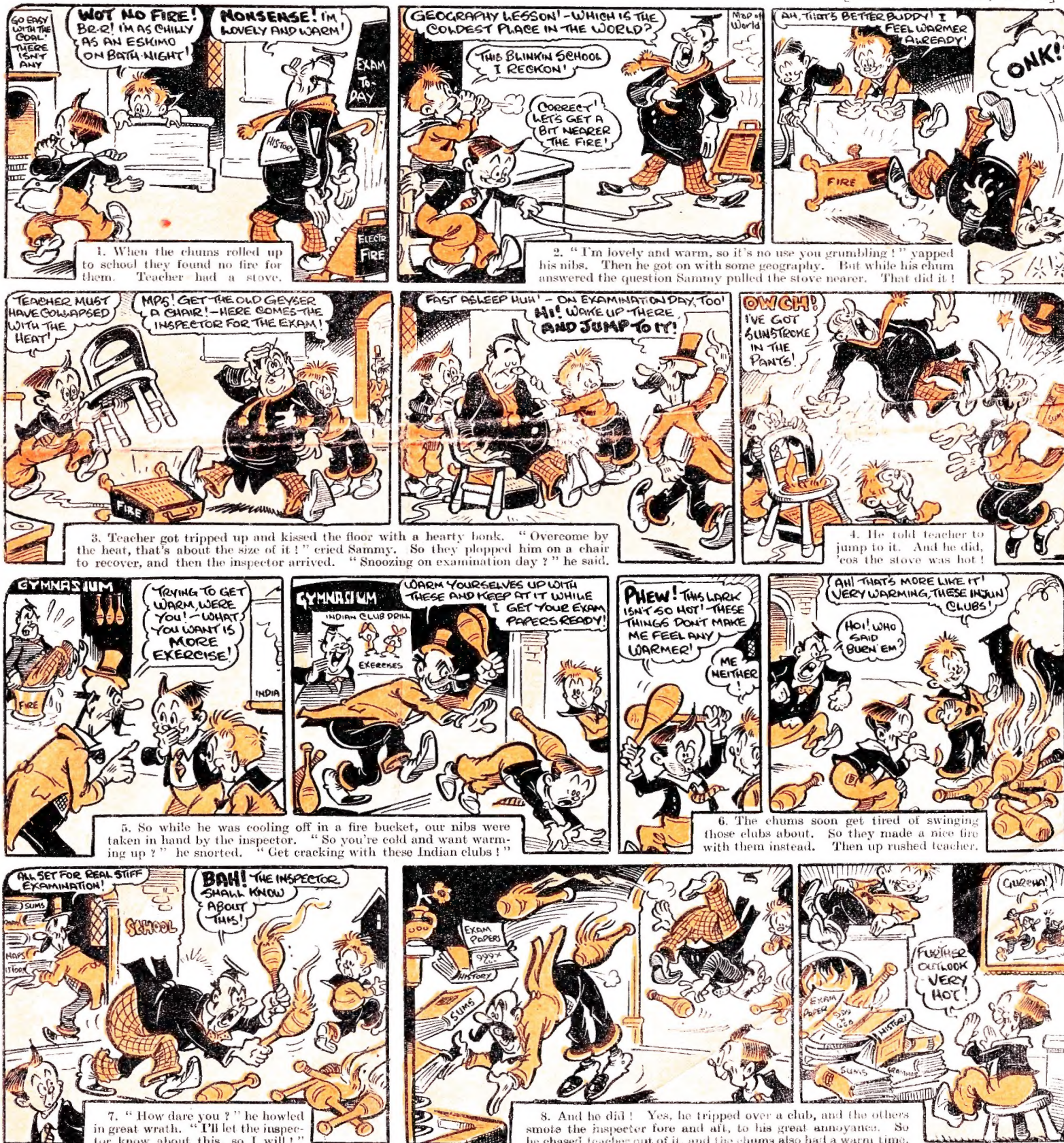
## AND LARKS

# 2

[No. 2,805.]

SAMMY AND SHRIMPY SOLVE A BURNING PROBLEM!

[NOVEMBER 2ND, 1946.]





# CHUMS ADrift!

The chums solve the mystery of the strange apparition from the sea, and Bill Stocke has a startling adventure.

## The Ghost Explained.

**H**ORRIFIED and shocked into silence by what they had just seen, the three chums stood in a nervous group on the little island beach.

They faced the sea, where a few moments before the great ghostly figure of a giant man had risen half out of the waves—only to vanish again as mysteriously as it had come.

Darkness surrounded them, and all was dead quiet, except for the sea which moved in steady wave-beats on to the beach.

Figgy, the Lancashire lad, first broke their awed silence.

"I've had enough!" he quavered, clutching Bob's arm. "This island's haunted all right! Let's get away from here—"

"How?" demanded Bob Marsden. "There's no boat to take us off. We're stranded."

"We'll finish rigging up the raft and chance making a dash for the mainland," chipped in Bill Stocke quickly. "We can't stick around here—not with that thing!"

It took a lot to scare Bill, heftiest of all three, when it came to a fight, but he really was afraid this time, for here was something he could not understand.

Level-headed Bob sensed the anxiety of his chums, and almost allowed himself to join in their sudden panic. He gulped, took a deep breath, and spoke as firmly as he could.

"Wait! Steady on, old sons," he exclaimed. "Don't scare yourselves into believing in ghosts. Whatever it was, it's gone now!"

"And I don't want to see it again," declared Bill.

"Too late to wish that!" Figgy sucked in his breath and pouted. "It's coming up again and, by gum, it's closer this time!"

Figgy had been the first to see the great ghost, and he knew how it appeared—first in a glow of greenish light just beneath the surface of the black water.

His quivering finger stabbed out towards the light. It was becoming stronger. Slowly, the enormous head and face rose into view, gleaming as though lit by blue-green fire! Then the shoulders and half the body of the phantom giant came up out of the water. It stood waist-deep in the dark sea, its face turned towards the spell-bound chums.

"I'd—I'd bunk, only my feet won't let me," groaned Figgy, covering his eyes with one hand. "Is it coming any closer?"

"Don't think so. It seems to have stopped," answered Bob.

He looked at the ghostly face of the giant. Its eyes did not move. It just stared and stared. It was a face with a fixed expression, thought Bob, almost a wooden set of features—yes, that was it!

Suddenly the answer came to him. He laughed and picked up a hefty chunk of coral rock from the beach.

"Hey—what are you doing?" panted Bill in alarm.

"Watch!" said Bob, flinging his arm forward.

His aim was dead true. The lump of rock flew from his hand and hit the ghost full on the forehead. Plunk! It was a dull sound, followed by a splash as the rock bounced away into the water.

He threw a second rocky chunk with all his force, and hit the giant on the shoulder. The same thing happened—nothing more. The rock struck and bounced off into the sea, and the ghost still stood there, never moving.

"Jumping jinnies!" Figgy was scarcely able to believe his own eyes. "It's solid!"

He began to chuckle with relief, and his two chums joined in. All their con-



Bill went spinning down through space into the deep pool below.

fidence had flooded back to them. They were no longer afraid, but merely curious to know more about the ghostly giant that had chilled their blood.

"It'll be getting daylight very soon now," said Bob. "Then we'll see just what he's made of."

They sat down and waited. After a while the dark sky became faintly grey with light. Fascinated, they watched a strange thing happen. As the light grew stronger, so the greenish shimmering fire of the "ghost" became dimmer and dimmer.

It faded away completely when the sun came up, and there was nothing left of the thing that had frightened them except an enormous wooden figure, stiff and lifeless as a dummy, standing half out of the water.

"Well, fancy being scared by that thing!" Bob exclaimed. "It's only an old figurehead belonging to a wrecked ship."

This was the answer plainly enough. They could see in the clear water, at the figurehead, carved to the shape of a giant, was attached to a heavy lap of timber—part of the stout forefoot of an ancient wreck which had probably been on the sea-bottom for two or three hundred years.

The recent hurricane had broken it loose, and strong currents had sent it bumping inshore to the island, lifting the figurehead bit by bit out of the waves as the water shallowed to the beach.

"Gosh—when I first saw it I thought it was walking up out of the sea!" smiled Figgy. "It looked so horrible and ghostly—"

"Ghostly enough to make you break a few running-records, old son, and I don't blame you," nodded Bill. "It must be covered in a sort of phosphorescent sea-lime that glows in the dark. But why did it go down and then come up again?"

"It dropped into a hollow in the sea, I suppose," said Bob. "The water covered it for a little while, and then the current pushed it up on to a shallow part—where it seems to have got stuck."

Figgy got up and threw one last rock at the wooden figurehead.

"That's for putting the wind up me, you grinning image," he cried. "By gum, it's a real wonder my hair hasn't turned white. Now what's for breakfast, lads?"

"Shrimps and shellfish, the same as

we had for breakfast, dinner, tea and supper yesterday!" sighed Bob.

Figgy wrinkled his nose.

"Wish there was a fish-and-chip shop just round the corner!" he grumbled. "I wonder when we'll see one again?"

## Bill in Trouble.

**F**OOD was a problem. For three days they had lived on shrimps and oyster stews, rich enough to nourish their strong young bodies, it was true, but they began to long for a change of diet.

"Gosh, when I think of all that grub aboard the Seahorse, I feel green with envy!" sighed Bill.

"Me, too," said Bob. "But I don't reckon we'll ever see the old Seahorse again."

Where their sailing-cutter was they had no idea. The hurricane had swept it away out to sea, with all the food, and the chums' share of a golden treasure which they had helped to find on the island. By now the Seahorse might be sunk, or drifting around without a soul on board, at the mercy of the wind and the sea. Either way, none of them expected ever to see her again.

"By gum, this is a grim place to be stranded on!" declared Figgy, looking around their island prison.

"Oh, pipe down!" chipped in Bill. "We'll not be stuck on this coral chunk for ever. There's bound to be a ship passing by sooner or later." He threw a few more sticks on to their fire, which was kept ablaze day and night for use as a signal, in case any ship passed near. "It's my turn to keep watch, fellows, isn't it?"

"That's right," Bob nodded. "Figgy and I will have a go at getting the raft a bit more shipshape. But while you're on watch, Bill, why don't you walk along the shore to that cliff yonder? You'd get a better all-round view of the sea from there."

"Good idea," said Bill, strolling off. "And bring back something tasty for dinner, if you can!" Figgy called.

Bill waved and wandered away, soon disappearing from their view behind a coral rock. He walked the shore, one eye on the sea, the other searching for anything worth finding.

Presently he saw some marks in the sand. His eyes lit with joy. Here, at last, was something he could recognise. They were the prints of a bird's feet, not webbed like a seagull's, but plainly showing claw-marks—as though a fine fat fowl had recently passed that way.

"Some sort of wild-fowl, and a fairly big bird, too, judging by the size of its claws," murmured Bill. "Jumping jinnies, if I could only catch it, I'd give Bob and Figgy a fine tasty surprise!"

His quick eyes followed the trail across the beach to the foot of a high cliff. Looking up, he spotted a hole about twenty feet up, which might easily be the bird's nesting-place. He was almost sure, because he could see a couple of loose feathers on the edge of the hole.

To reach it was not easy. Directly below, was a deep sea-water pool at the foot of the cliff. Bill had to juggle himself gingerly along a narrow ledge before he could start to climb up.

The rough coral gave him enough handholds, and his toes kicked into convenient holes, sending little chips of rock spattering down like rain into the pool.

Eager and excited, he got his hands to the edge of the hole, and he could hear a rustling and a scuffling sound from within.

The bird was there all right! Bill levered himself up a little more, anxious to make the one quick grab which would make the bird his prize.

He did not succeed. There was an angry squawk from the ledge just above him, and he looked up to see the head and beady eyes of a large parrot! Then a great hooked beak came stabbing down on his hands, like the blows of two chipping hammers.

"Ouch!" Bill yelped, and let go. He began to fall, wildly waving his arms.

Next instant he fell with a breathtaking splash into the deep pool below. Down he went. The sunlight faded into the shimmering green of the water—and then into blackness.

Bill lost consciousness, and went down and down!

Head on one side, the parrot blinked down from the ledge above, looking at the disturbed patch of water. For a moment or two it squawked. Then it spoke in a screeching voice.

"Help, help! Man overboard, you lubbers!" it shrieked. "Belay there—hi, hi! Man in trouble overboard!"

The squawking attracted the attention of Bob and Figgy, not far away, but out of sight. Puzzled, they came running to the spot, eager to find out what was happening.

"Where's Bill?" cried Figgy. "By heck, it's a blinking parrot!"

"Man overboard—lower away!" the parrot was still screeching and fluttering over the pool.

Bob raced forward, looked down into the pool for a split-second, and flung himself into it.

His dive took him deep down to Bill's limp and senseless form. Hooking a firm arm round his chum, he kicked upwards for the surface.

White-faced, Figgy was waiting with a helping hand. Together they got Bill out and laid him gently on his face on the edge of the pool. Expertly, Bob gave first aid, and Bill began to recover. Figgy breathed in relief.

"We'd best get him back to our own bit of beach and into bed," he advised. "But I'd like to know what happened and where that parrot came from."

"I don't suppose Bill knows any more than we do," said Bob, as they carried their chum along the shore. "But my guess is that it was a ship's parrot, belonging to that wreck where we found the treasure. It must have been stranded here and has lived on this island ever since. Thank Heaven it hadn't forgotten how to talk!"

Reaching the platform which they used as a bed, the two chums put Bill into it and made him as comfortable as they could. He was still unconscious and seemed to be in a deep sleep.

"He'll wake up later on with nothing worse than a headache," was Bob's opinion.

The parrot was hovering round at a respectful distance. He was still half-wild and seemed doubtful about making friends with human beings again, so the lads left him alone. They were busy with the raft and looking after Bill, wondering what he would be like when he woke up.

In the evening, they were gathering shrimps for supper from the shallow-water pools, when a sudden cry from Bill startled them.

"The Seahorse—the Seahorse!" he was shouting. "It's coming back!"

"Crummy, hark at him!" whispered Figgy. "He's off his rocker—he's imagining things!"

But when he looked out to sea, he gave a whoop of wild surprise.

"Bill's all right!" he yelled. "It is the Seahorse!"

About a mile offshore, coming steadily in on the tide, was a white sailing-cutter. There was no mistaking her. The sea which had carried her away was now bringing her back to the three chums adrift!

(A grand surprise for the three chums! What will they do now? Don't miss Friday week's thrilling chapters.)

2-11-46

## HERE'S GOOD NEWS!

My Dear Cutlets,—Here is some welcome news for which you have been waiting a long time. Commencing with the issue dated November 30th, and on sale Friday, November 22nd, more copies of COMIC CUTS will be available. This means that your chums who have had difficulty in getting COMIC CUTS in the past will now have the opportunity of obtaining it regularly in future. I know that a large number of my readers have made a practice during the paper shortage of passing on their copy, when they have finished with it, to chums who were unable to get one. Well, now it will be possible for them to obtain their own copies regularly.

But there is only one sure way to do that—and this is most important. Order COMIC CUTS from a newsagent or bookstall—and order it AT ONCE! The extra supply is limited, so unless the order is placed without delay, the opportunity of getting a copy of COMIC CUTS every fortnight will be lost. So rub this into your chum when you tell or show him this good news!

Your sincere friend, CLARENCE CUTS.

☛ DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE. ORDER NOW! ☛



## BONFIRE CLUE!

## An Unexpected Case.

"HALLO, Steel, old man! Glad to see you again after all this time! Come right in!"

With his smiling face beaming a welcome, the speaker held out his hand. Kenton Steel took it in a firm, warm grasp.

"And I'm right glad to see you, too, Dunning," he replied, coming over the threshold and wiping his feet on the mat. "It must be over two years since we last met."

"Quite that," agreed the other, closing the door. "And now you're here, we must have a good old chinwag about old times."

A few moments later the two men were seated in comfortable easy chairs in a small but pleasant room which Dunning called his snuggery. He poured out two glasses of sherry and both lit up cigarettes.

Horace Dunning and Kenton Steel were friends of many years standing, though Dunning was the elder by several years. He had not long moved into the house, and one of the first things he had done was to ring up Steel and give him a hearty and pressing welcome to come down as soon as he could spare the time.

So it was that now, about a fortnight later, Steel had managed to get free of business and drive down to the very pleasant house in the country with its large and well-kept garden in which Dunning, a retired business man, now lived.

"Well, how's tricks?" began Dunning. "I frequently see you mentioned in the papers. You seem to be making quite a name for yourself."

"I certainly have enough business to keep me hard at it pretty well all the year round," was Steel's reply. "In fact, I count myself very fortunate in having been able to snatch a few hours off to-day to come down to see you. I congratulate you on your new house. It seems to be a very nice place."

"It certainly is," agreed his friend. "I'll take you round presently. Meanwhile, we may as well take it easy here for a bit."

Steel was quite agreeable to that suggestion, and the two old friends remained chatting and smoking for the best part of an hour.

"Well, now we'll go round the house," said Dunning at last, stubbing his cigarette-end in an ash-tray and rising. "We've got time before lunch."

Steel rose, too, and followed Dunning out of the room to begin a tour of the house. They went from one room to another on the ground floor, till they reached the last one, the door of which was not only closed but locked.

"This is my office and business den," explained Dunning, as he turned the key and threw open the door. "I still have a certain amount of business to do, even if I have officially retired. Enough to keep me out of mischief, you know. Besides, I should hate to be completely idle with time hanging on my hands. That would bore me stiff."

"And me, too," smiled Steel. "If ever I retired from my present job it would be into another one. I say, this is a nice pleasant room, and no mistake," he went on, looking all round the apartment. "With a nice outlook, too."

"Yes, one can see a good deal of the garden, though not all, through the french windows," replied Dunning. "I think I'll open them now, it's rather stuffy in here. Faces south, you know, and gets all the sun that's going."

He crossed to the french windows and pushed one open. At once a gust of air swept in, and the room door closed with a bang.

"Not too much draught for you, is it?" asked Dunning. "It's certainly on the windy side to-day."

"It's quite all right, I like fresh air," said Steel, and continued his gaze round the room, admiring its furnishing and good taste.

But there came a sudden interruption from his friend.

"Hallo! What—where's that money I left here?" he cried.

Steel swung round, to see Dunning staring down at a small table with green baize top not far from the french windows. There was nothing on it.

"Something missing?" asked Steel. "Yes, a bundle of notes," was the reply. "Four fivers and ten one pound notes. I left them on this table the last time I was in the room."

Steel, scenting a mystery, had already crossed over to the table.

"You left those notes on this table?" he said. "How long ago was that?"

"Oh, about half an hour before you arrived," replied Dunning.

"That would be about an hour and a half ago," said Steel, with a quick glance at his wrist watch. "Were the notes loose or tied up in any way?"

"Loose," Dunning told him. "The pound notes were on top of the fivers. Surely nobody has come into the room and taken them?"

"Well, they can't have walked," said

the woman who comes in three days a week. But she's not here to-day."

"So we can leave her out of it," said Steel. "How about the maids? Do you know anything about them?"

"Well, I engaged them from the village, and they seem to be quite ordinary, capable, honest girls," said Dunning. "They've only been here a short time, of course, so I don't know very much about them. Still, I should hate to suspect either of them of being dishonest."

"So should I," retorted Steel. "But you can't afford to take chances in a case of theft, if this, as I really believe now, is a case of theft. Who else is there besides the two maids?"

"My chauffeur, who took the car to town shortly after breakfast and isn't back yet," replied Dunning. "and Frayne, the gardener. He's working in the garden now. Maybe you saw something of him when you went out just now."

"I did not," replied Steel, "but he may have been at the far end, and I didn't go as far as that. I think I'll toddle along and see him now."

## Money to Burn!

FRAYNE proved to be a well-built, thickset man, with rather a surly expression. Steel found him in the potting-shed, and he eyed the detective curiously as he came up.

"Good-morning," said Steel, with a nod. "You're busy, I see."

"Yes, busy potting," was the reply. "Been at it nearly all the morning, and it'll keep me going till I knock off this evening."

Steel nodded and his eyes roved



Steel fell to the ground, with the gardener on top of him.

Steel grimly. "There must be some reason for their disappearance. Perhaps they blew off the table when you opened the french windows just now."

But though both men searched all over the room, there was no sign of the missing notes anywhere.

"Well, this is a rum go, and no mistake," said Dunning at last, rubbing his chin. "Of course, it's not a terrific lot of money to make a fuss about, but—"

"But it's missing and it's got to be found," broke in Steel quietly. "I wonder if they blew outside?"

He passed out into the garden and searched over a fairly large area, only to return to the room shaking his head.

"Can't see 'em," he announced. "It looks to me, old man, very much as if someone must have walked off with those notes. You have the serial numbers of the fivers, I take it?"

"Oh, yes," said Dunning. "But not the pound notes."

"Well, you ought to be able to trace the fivers, in due course, at any rate," said Steel. "That is to say if they are passed, of course. Mind you, any thief who knew the first thing about his business would fight shy of taking fivers for the very reason that their serial numbers would most likely be known. And that may help us."

"In what way?" asked Dunning.

"Why, assuming that the notes have been deliberately taken," explained Steel, "it would be the work of an amateur. Tell me, what does your domestic staff consist of, and what are they like?"

"Let me see," said Dunning reflectively. "There are two maids, and

round the numerous stacks of flower-pots of various sizes. Frayne, he saw out of the corner of his eye, continued to regard him in the same curious, almost furtive manner.

"By the way, you haven't seen any pound notes and fivers fluttering about, have you?" Steel suddenly shot at him abruptly. "Mr. Dunning has lost some, you know."

Frayne's face set rigid, then he slowly shook his head.

"No, I can't say as I have," he replied. "They ain't come this way."

"All right, thanks very much," said Steel, and, with a nod, he walked away from the potting-shed.

At this end of the garden was a certain amount of unavoidable disorder. There were two compost heaps, an upturned wheelbarrow, and fallen leaves lay thickly over a large area.

In a few moments Steel rejoined Dunning in the room where he had left him.

"I'd like to try a little experiment," Steel announced, fumbling in his pocket and producing a couple of pound notes. "Would you please close the french window?"

Dunning pulled the window shut, though without turning the catch, so that it could be pushed open again from the inside. Then Steel crossed to the room door and opened it wide.

With his eyes fixed on the small table on which the notes rested, Steel slammed the door to. And almost at once the pound notes were wafted off the table and fluttered just outside the french window, which had blown open of its own accord.

"And there, my dear Dunning," said Steel, coming forward, "you see for

yourself how your missing notes may have disappeared from the table—and how someone outside could have helped himself to them without entering the room."

"Then, in that case, Frayne may have stolen the notes, after all?" cried Dunning.

"He may have done, if he had happened to be around at the time," said Steel.

"Phew! What are we going to do?" exclaimed Dunning. "Do—do you feel sure enough of your facts to—to accuse Frayne point-blank?"

"Well, not entirely," confessed Steel. "And I don't want to make the fatal slip of accusing an innocent man. He assures me that he had been up in the potting-shed almost all the time since he arrived, and that the job he's on will keep him there till it's time for him to go."

"That is so," agreed Dunning. "I particularly want that potting finished to-day, and I told him so. Ah, there's the gong for lunch! Come on, and put this mystery on the ice till we've had something to eat. I expect you're ready for it."

But although Steel certainly felt hungry and enjoyed the lunch, as soon as he had finished he excused himself.

"I'm going to the far end of the garden," he said to his friend. "I want to see how Frayne's getting on with that potting job."

Leaving Dunning completely mystified, the detective left the house and strode through the big garden to the far end. But before he reached the potting-shed he pulled up and stared hard.

What Steel was staring at was a large pile of dead leaves, swept up either to rot down or to be burnt.

"That's funny," muttered Steel. "That pile of leaves was not there when I came up before lunch."

Jaw grimly set, Steel strode briskly on to the potting-shed. Frayne was there, busy with his pots, and he greeted his visitor with what was nearly a scowl.

"I see you've swept up a lot of dead leaves, Frayne," began Steel. "Going to burn them, I suppose?"

"Yes, when they're dry enough," replied Frayne. "Why do you ask?"

"I understood from you this morning," said Steel, ignoring the question, "that you would be too busy on this potting to do anything else to-day?"

"So I am," retorted Frayne, with a tone of defiance. "What's it to do with you, anyway?"

Steel said no more, but, after fixing Frayne with a long, searching stare, he picked up a piece of old newspaper and left the potting-shed. Making for the heap of leaves, he struck a match, set fire to the paper, and thrust it into the pile.

And even before it had time to catch, there came a loud, fierce roar of wrath. Frayne came rushing on the scene, his face livid with fury, though in his eyes was the glint of fear.

"Leave those leaves alone!" he bellowed. "You mind our own business!"

As soon as he reached Steel, Frayne made a desperate onslaught on the heap of leaves to extinguish the fire. But Steel dragged him away, and then, throwing off all restraint, the gardener went for him with both fists flashing, shouting furiously as he did so.

Taken by surprise, Steel tripped and fell to the ground, with Frayne on top of him. While they were struggling and fighting in deadly earnest, Mr. Dunning came running to the scene and went to Steel's aid.

That meant the quick overpowering of Frayne, and Steel, getting to his feet, grimy and dishevelled, saw that the bonfire he had started had died out. With a grim smile, he picked up a rake and scattered the leaves.

"Ah! What's this?" he suddenly exclaimed, pouncing on a small packet.

On being undone, the missing notes were discovered inside. Frayne had taken them, just as Steel had surmised, and had hidden them in the pile of leaves for safety till the hue-and-cry died down.

(Meet Kenton Steel again in Friday week's number, and tell your chums about the good news on page 2.)





The boss ordered our waiter to catch some fish. But his luck appeared to be out until the angler sat on the dab and dropped in for it. So Waddles clicked.

## PLUM AND DUFF, THE BOYS OF THE BOLD BRIGADE!



1. Plum and Duff were stony broke, but they didn't see much chance of Sergy coughing up any cash. But old Suet had a quid he didn't want.

2. 'Cos it was a dud 'un! And he oozed over to our soldiers and handed over the note to Plum. "Buy yourselves a feed, boys," said Sergy Suet.

3. Duff promptly fainted with the shock! Just as Doc Dove came up and placed his tickler-listener on Duff's chest to see what was wrong.

4. But the perky private soon recovered, and Plum and Duff had another shock when Doc Dove took the quid himself to pay for his bill!

5. Now Sergy had been doing a spot of overtime in Doc Dove's garden. "It's all dug now," said Suet. "And if you pay me I'll pop off."

6. So the Doc gave him the dud quid which he had pinched from the boys. "Out of the light," snorted Suet to Plum. "I'm off to the canteen!"

7. Sergy sat down and ordered himself a nice big feed and gave the canteen bloke the quidlet to pay the bill. Plum and Duff were annoyed!

8. And so was the canteen bloke when he saw that the quid was phoney! But Sergy got on with his grub and didn't twig anything was up.

9. It was he who was up in a couple of ticks and out of the canteen double quick with the manager after him! So our soldiers had a feed!



1. Young Tommy was weeping wet weeps when he came to tell me that Lena had thrown his dartboard away. "Well, don't cry," I said. "Leave it to me!"



2. And off I rushed to give the old hussy a severe talking to, only to find her standing on a chair. "Come off it!!" I cried. "What's the idea?"



3. "Don't interfere, Fatty!" giggled. "I was told to get on with some light ho and here's the electric light bulb for





CUTS  
COMICS.And  
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MY LIFE!BEEN  
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'COS THEY HAVE  
THE MOST  
BRAVIN' POWER!old Lena.  
use work.  
a start."

Kitty was feeding the ducks with a few spare crumbs when Freda bagged her bag of sandwiches. So Kitty snipped open the bag and Freda got her nose nipped.

## BIG BEN AND LITTLE LEN, THE LARKY LADS!



1. "We'll get a bus home," said Pa. "Right! I'll soon fix that," piped Ben, and he dashed out and waved and whistled as a bus came past.



2. "Tut, tut!" said the old Dad. "That's not the way to do it, my boy. Wait until the bus stops and then grasp the handrail and get on."



3. Thus saying, Pa gave a demonstration. But the clippie was a bit of a quickie, and before Pa was properly aboard she had pressed the bell.



4. Clunk! Away went the bus and down went Pa in the road, with an awful bump. "Huh! It seems a silly way of getting on!" said Len.



5. And Pa, having lost a lot of dignity and gained a big bump, decided that perhaps he had better have another go, so back they all went.



6. By this time a tidy sized crowd of folks had gathered at the bus stop. "We must all go to the rear of the queue and wait," said Dad.



7. "We'd have been home by now," whispered Len to Ben. "We'll have to jump for the next bus that comes along. Here's one coming now!"



8. But about fifty other people had the same idea, and there was a proper free-for-all to get aboard. Poor Pa got flattened in the scramble!



9. But Ben and Len heard the clippie say she had room for two on top. So up the stop-sign our lads went to the roof, leaving Pa looking dazed!



4. And she tossed it towards me saying that I should catch it if I dropped it. Of course, Lena got a start all right when the bulb exploded—BANG!



5. "Great buzz-bombs! What's that?" she cried, jumping up into the air with fright and crashing down through the seat of the chair. "Ow! Oo-er!"



6. "Ha, ha! You can stick in that chair as long as you like now, Lena," I tootled. "This broken seat will make a dartboard."—MARTHA. 2-11-46

# Roof Rescue

Backed up by his young friends of Clary Street, Rover Joe makes a bold attack on the stronghold of the Stockyard Boys!

## The Fortress.

**S**ILENT as a panther, Rover Joe stole through the inky shadows of Clary Street, Chicago. Half-way down it, the little Westerner vanished into a doorway that yawned blackly on his left.

"That you, Mr. Joe?" whispered the voice of young Tommy Trail at his elbow.

"S me, son," murmured Joe. "Everythin' under control?"

"You betcha—and 'under control's' the right word," Tommy said grimly in his Chicago twang. The lad edged to the front of the doorway. Then he nodded his head half-left.

Across the road there stood the dingy cafe and grocery known as Greek Joe's.

Rover Joe inspected the place, his face inscrutable. Usually at night, Greek Joe's cafe was brightly lit up. To-night things were different. No lights shone in the doorway, and that door was closed. Blinds had been pulled down over the windows, through which the shop lights glowed dim and blue.

"He's got guards posted there—see 'em?" whispered Tommy.

In the shadow of Greek Joe's doorway lounged two figures, shapeless but alert. A third man leaned against a lamp-post not far away.

And as Joe raised his eyes he caught the black blur of a man's head behind a darkened window-pane above the shop front.

"Pete Smith says there's two other guys guardin' de back-yard," murmured Tommy. "And I know dey've got a sentry up on de roof, 'cos Spuddy an' me saw him just before dusk. I tell you, Greek Joe's guardin' his joint like a—fortress, Mr. Joe. I reckon he's got them hidden in there all right, don't you?"

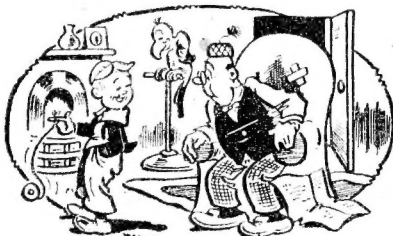
Rover Joe nodded grimly. Tommy referred to two prisoners of Greek Joe's. And those prisoners were Henry Q. Vanmeyer, the millionaire, and his lion-hearted niece, Rhoda Lee.

It was Joe who had first kidnapped Vanmeyer from his palatial country estate outside Chicago, and he had done so for the very good reason that he wanted to screw some money out of the millionaire. Not that Rover Joe required the money for his own profit. He needed it to replace the "summer camp" which he had started for the poor youngsters of Clary Street—and which Henry Vanmeyer had ruthlessly destroyed.

Vanmeyer had burnt that camp; therefore Rover Joe, who believed in poetic justice, had destroyed a goodly half of Vanmeyer's estate and then "collected" the millionaire himself for ransom. And in this daring deed, his most valuable ally had been none other than Rhoda Lee herself, who detested her uncle for his greed.

Alas for Rover Joe's well-laid plans,

## KEEPING DOWN TO IT!



Uncle: "Are you able to keep your position in class?"

Willie: "Rather! I started at the bottom and no one has been able to take my place from me!"



Rover Joe swung himself steadily across the void, hand over hand.

however! Greek Joe and his gang had then taken a hand.

Tipped off by Vanmeyer's own rascally bailiff, the "Stockyard Boys" had swooped just at the right time, hurling Rover Joe into the canal and making off with Vanmeyer and his niece. If there was any ransom going, the Boys intended to grab it for themselves.

It was a coup, now twenty-four hours old, that had shaken Rover Joe considerably.

All the same, he was the last man to stand any nonsense from a bunch of cheap Chicago hoodlums, and his counter-measures followed swiftly, ably assisted by a gang of devoted, sharp-witted lads like Tommy Trail.

"O.K., lad. I reckon Miss Rhoda and Nunky Vanmeyer are in Greek Joe's shore 'nough," he said, "and the next thing to find out is where they're hidden in that rookery. After that, it'll be all hands to the rescue, huh?"

Tommy grinned happily at that. At Joe's command, he led the way out into the backyard of the tenement that sheltered them. They doubled through a narrow alley, then crossed Clary Street at a safe point higher up.

Ten minutes later, Joe and Tommy stood on the roof of the tall, gaunt tenement in which the boy lived with his mother and baby sister—and eight other families as well!

Up there, the roofs were all flat, and they stretched in an unbroken line for half the length of Clary Street. Cautiously, Joe and his guide made their way past crumbling chimney-stacks, family clothes-lines and untidy heaps of junk, sixty feet above the road. Two other boys, Pete Smith and Spuddy joined them, silent as young ghosts. They came at last to the point where the block of roofs ended.

And there, some twenty feet ahead, loomed the dark building owned by Greek Joe.

It was a detached building, the only one of its kind in Clary Street, and easy enough to defend. An iron fire-escape climbed up to the zinc roof from the backyard far below, but there was little chance of invading the dump that way. The figure of a roof-top sentry could just be seen against the tall chimney-stack.

"Goin' to be awkward, boss, ain't it?" breathed Tommy in his ear. "Dat guy's sure to carry a gat, and if we tried rushin' de fire escape, he'd shoot us full o' holes—that is, even if we knocked off de backyard sentry. Bust if I can see how you're gonna git across to dat roof, Mr. Joe! We'd need a doggone bridge or some'n!"

"I'll git there all right," Joe vowed, and at his whispered command, the four invaders retreated to the nearest chimney-stack.

There, in its shelter, Joe divested himself of his jacket. From around his

own body he uncoiled yard after yard of thin fine rawhide. There was his lariat and his spare rope, brought from the saddlebags which old Sleepy was guarding in Vanmeyer's laundry-yard. Joe knotted them together and lashed one end securely round the chimney-stack.

Then, having coiled the slack neatly over one arm, Rover Joe issued instructions that drew forth low gasps of amazement and delight.

"Gee! Come on, youse guys!" breathed Tommy, and the three young arabs vanished like shadows.

In a few more minutes, however, they were back again, with pockets and shirt-fronts bulging. Rover Joe eyed them quizzically.

He knew that, in a few more moments, the success of his venture and possibly the safety of his life would hang on the skill and nerve of these three slum laddies, but his own nerve never faltered. Rover Joe spun sharply on his heel.

Then he led his "troops" back to the roof-coping—into battle!

"Hey! You by the chimney there!" he called softly to the "sentry" on Greek Joe's roof. "You hulking lump of tripe, we're here!"

## The Skyway Invader.

**S**TARTLED out of his wits, the Stockyard Boy opposite spun away from the dark chimney-clump and gazed wildly in search of the speaker.

Whiz! Crack! No sooner were the man's head and shoulders silhouetted against the night sky than a volley of brickbats and concrete chunks whistled through the air. There came a drum-beat thud as Spud's missile struck the Stockyard Boy square in the tummy. Two sharp cracks told that Tommy and Pete had scored hits on the tough's head.

The man thudded backwards on the roof, all of a heap.

"Boys, you're good!" announced Rover Joe solemnly. "Now gimme some arm-room, and I'll do my share!"

The little Westerner's arm swung once, twice, thrice round his head, while the boys watched in breathless excitement. Joe's lariat sailed out into the darkness. It seemed to hover, then a last cunning wrist-flick opened the noose wide. In a graceful swoop it settled over Greek Joe's chimney-stack and was drawn tight.

"That's my bridge!" grinned Joe.

He gave a few more directions to Tommy & Co., who answered by eager nods. And even those nerveless young battlers puckered their lips anxiously as the little Westerner swung a leg over the coping and secured a good firm grip on the slender "bridge."

"(Cheer up! Raw-hide don't snap as easily as all that!)" grinned Joe. With a last deft wriggle, he lowered himself into empty space, both hands clinging to the sagging line.

And although he would have died sooner than admit it, Rover Joe felt a decidedly nervous tingle through the soles of his feet.

There seemed such a lot of air underneath him then—sixty feet or so, with nothing but hard concrete far below! For an instant Joe hung there, adjusting his grip, then he kicked off from the wall. With the muscles rippling in his powerful arms, he swung himself steadily across the void hand over hand.

"He'll do it—he's done it!" blurted Tommy at last, in a pent-up gasp. But the next instant, even as Joe was heaving himself over the coping of Greek Joe's roof, the lads let out a strangled cry of warning.

Another of the Stockyard Boys had come up on to the roof to relieve the ex-sentry!

In a flash, the startled thug saw the limp figure of his pal, then his eyes flashed to Rover Joe's dark shape crawling on to the roof. He let out a yelp and grabbed for his gun even as Tommy hurled a last stone in desperation—and missed.

Yet the lads need scarcely have worried. Rover Joe had got one hand free at least, and not for nothing was he known as the quickest little scrapper in the West.

So now, with the Stockyard Boy's automatic swinging down to cover him,

Joe whipped out his right-hand gun in a lightning draw. He twirled it butt foremost, then, from a kneeling position, he hurled the weapon with an eye-baffling flick of the wrist.

Crack! The thud of the gun, hitting the thug between the eyes, came at the same instant as the hiss and flash of a silenced automatic.

"Chummy, you've had it!" Joe granted as the Stockyard Boy went down in a flop. Dragging both hoodlums together, the little Westerner left them helpless—definitely bound with their own scarves and belts.

It was easier now. Behind the chimney-stack a roof-trap yawned open. Joe peered into the darkness below—all clear. He made sure that both his guns were loose in the holsters, then he swung himself down into Greek Joe's fortress.

Once through the skylight, he found himself in a garret.

This in turn gave access on to a small landing, with stairs to the floor below. There were two more rooms down there, both unlocked—both empty. A murmur of voices from the lower regions drifted up to Joe's ears. In silence, save for the creak of uncarpeted stairs, the invader stole down through the squalid building, seeking warily in every room.

And Rover Joe's face was looking very grim by the time he reached the ground floor at last.

Wherever Henry Vanmeyer and his niece were imprisoned, it certainly was not in any of the unkempt rooms above stairs! Were they locked in some cellar below the cafe? If so, Joe had to admit that the job of rescuing them was going to be sticky—very sticky!

He crouched for a moment, deep in thought. Then, both guns drawn, he stole resolutely ahead.

Before him now, a short passage led to a door. It was, in fact, the inner door out of the cafe itself, for through its panels came the loud rumble of voices, the clink of crockery. Rover Joe never hesitated. The Stockyard Boys would be there in full force with their rascally leader. They alone could tell him where the prisoners were.

"So I'll blame well ask 'em—with a gun!" growled Rover Joe, making a dart for the door.

As he did so, it opened and a burly gangster came out, carrying a tray of dirty cups. Rover Joe socked him.

The man had only time for one startled yelp before Joe's gun bounced crisply on his skull, and the next instant the whole of Greek Joe's rang to the din of smashing crocks as the fellow hurtled backwards into the cafe. He landed on the floor, sprawled out flat. Over him, guns held low, sprang Rover Joe.

In the smoky cafe, over a dozen Chicago hoodlums froze where they sat, gaping stupidly at the daring little Westerner who seemed to have appeared in their well-guarded "fortress" as if by magic. Greek Joe himself, a fat hulk in shirt-sleeves, leaned over the counter, staring as if petrified.

And, by a strange trick of timing, Jud Garth, Vanmeyer's treacherous bailiff, swung jauntily into the cafe through the street door at the same instant.

"What the—!" he choked, as the glint of a deadly Western gun rooted him to the floor. The hearts of the Stockyard Boys turned to water under the menace of those grim weapons. Then Rover Joe spoke.

"I've come for Vanmeyer and Miss Rhoda Lee," he told them flatly. "If I don't get 'em quick, it's goin' to be just too bad for every crawlin' rat in this joint. You there, behind the counter! Answer up, you fat slug, or else!"

"You fool!" squealed Greek Joe, his face sweating. "You'll never git out o' this—we're too many for you—we—"

Joe's gun roared deafeningly, and a water-ing close to Greek Joe's elbow burst like a bomb. At the same instant, there came a shrill boyish yell from without, then a volley of stones against the cafe window. Rover Joe was right on the warpath this time. So were his fighting allies, the loyal boys of Clary Street!

(Don't miss Friday week's stirring Rover Joe yarn, and tell all your chums the good news on page 2.) 2-11-48



**A Complete Jolly Comedy!**

**WELL LET IN!**

**Trying It On!**

**J**ERRY JINGLE, a young man of about twenty-five, was staring out of the window, jingling the cash in his starboard trousers pocket.

Suddenly he withdrew his hand and opened it wide, revealing a few coins. Jerry's stare became a glare.

"Three-and-fourpence!" he snorted. "All I've got in the wide till payday. I can't go on like this. Something must be done. But the question is—what?"

The more Jerry tried to solve that problem, the more difficult he found it. In fact, he was beginning to despair of ever finding a solution, till of a sudden, his face cleared and his peepers sparkled.

"I have it—at least I think I have!" he gurgled. "I wonder if it would work? Anyway, there'll be no harm in trying it on. I'll write to my Uncle Fred right away, inviting him to come and stay for a few days. He's pretty well-to-do, even though he's pretty hard to do. And if I treat him nicely, the chances are he'll let me have a cheque for a few quid before he departs!"

So Jerry, having made up his mind, wrote a letter of invitation to his Uncle Fred and posted it. Two days later, to his great delight, he received a reply from his relative who said he would be pleased to accept Jerry's kind invitation.

He informed his nephew that he would be coming the very next day, arriving by the three-thirty train in the afternoon.

"And I'll be there to meet you, my dear uncle, you may be sure of that," tootled Jerry. "Meanwhile, I shall have to prepare for the old boy's visit, and in my present financial state, that will want a bit of wangling. I shall have to try to borrow a pound or two. I ought to be able to manage that all right on the strength of Uncle Fred's visit."

Jerry lost no time in trying to tap some of the fellows he knew for a small loan. It proved to be rather a tough job, for three of them said they were sorry they couldn't oblige, for a start.

However, Jerry tackled some others, and by getting ten shillings here and five bob there, he managed to rake up two-pounds-ten altogether. He assured one and all that his uncle would certainly give him a nice fat cheque when he came, and that he would pay back the loans immediately.

Having got the cash, the next job was to get in necessary supplies. Jerry had to do quite a lot of queuing up and parted with a large number of points from his ration book.

"Never mind, it's all in a good cause, and I shall get it back with interest from Uncle Fred," he told himself. "He's bound to be pleased with the way I treat him while he's staying with me!"

The day of Uncle Fred's visit came, and in good time Jerry made his way to the railway station to meet the train. Punctually at half-past three, it steamed into the station.

A large crowd of passengers got out, and Jerry searched eagerly in all directions for his expected uncle. Although he had not seen him for some time, he knew he would have no difficulty in recognising him. Uncle Fred was a large-sized man, always very smartly dressed, and with a full beard and side-whiskers.

But although Jerry scanned the faces of everybody passing through the barrier, he did not see the one he was looking for.

"Bust it!" he snorted. "Uncle's not on the train! He must have missed it for some reason, I suppose. Perhaps he'll be coming by the next, but that isn't for a couple of hours. I'll go back home; it's no use hanging about here all that time."

He turned away, and almost immediately bumped into Charlie Chubbe, one of his friends who had come to

Jerry's rescue by lending him ten shillings the previous day.

"Hallo, Jerry!" cried Charlie. "Where's that wealthy uncle of yours you were telling me all about—the one you've invited down so that you can get a few quid out of him?"

"Oh, the old billygoat hasn't turned up!" snapped Jerry, who had not got over his disappointment. "He'll be coming by the next train, I expect, and I shall have to meet that one!"

"You're sure he's really coming?" asked Charlie. "I mean to say, it isn't all moonshine about your having a wealthy uncle and—"

"It's all perfectly true!" broke in Jerry. "I can show you the letter the old chump wrote me saying he's coming, if you like!"

"All right, I'll take your word for it, so don't get your rag out!" laughed Charlie. "See you later—with my ten bob you borrowed!"

"You needn't worry about that—you'll get it!" retorted Jerry.

With that he walked away, and instead of going straight home, decided to try to get some cigarettes, if he could. That meant calling at no less



**Jerry screamed aloud at the sight that met his eyes.**

than six tobacconists before he at last clicked for a packet of ten.

"Nearly four o'clock!" he remarked after walking about for a while. "I may as well pop home and make myself a cup of tea before going back to the station to meet the other train!"

Ten minutes' walk brought Jerry to his house. He let himself in and was wiping his feet on the mat, when he stopped and sniffed.

"Tobacco smoke!" he muttered. "Pretty strong, too. Surely there's nobody in the house?"

Following the trail of the tobacco smoke, Jerry made for the sitting-room. He pushed open the door, and then screamed aloud at the sight that met his eyes.

Parked in the depths of a big easy-chair was a man who looked like a buck navvy. He had hobnailed boots perched on the mantelpiece and was puffing at an old clay pipe.

By his side on a small table was a bottle and a glass, together with some bread and cheese. It certainly looked as though the intruder, whoever he might be, had succeeded in making himself thoroughly at home.

"What—what on earth does this mean?" spluttered Jerry. "Who are you, and what are you doing here, in my house? How dare you put your feet on the mantelpiece and soil my furniture with your grimy togs? And you've been helping yourself to grub out of my larder, too, by the look of it. What's the big idea?"

The navvy looked Jerry straight in the eyes and slowly tapped out his pipe. Then, with a sigh, he rose to his feet.

"And why shouldn't I come in here?" he asked.

"Why shouldn't you indeed?" booted Jerry. "What are you—a squatter? Well, you're jolly well not coming to squat in my house! Out you go, or I'll have you thrown out on your neck! I'll call the police! I'll—"

Jerry's voice died away as words gawned him. His unwelcome visitor took up the conversation.

"Oh, well, if that's the way you're going to treat me," he said, "if that's how you're going to welcome your uncle after he's come all this way at your invitation, the sooner I go, the better!"

At these words Jerry nearly fell over his left ear. He clutched at the doorpost to steady himself, and stared wide-eyed at the other.

"You—you're my uncle?" he gasped. "But—but I don't recognise you."

"I don't suppose you do," was the smiling rejoinder. "But I'm your Uncle Fred right enough. I let myself in by the back door which I found unlocked. I thought you wouldn't mind if I made myself at home till you arrived."

Even then Jerry did not seem convinced.

"But Uncle Fred had a beard and side face-moss!" he gulped. "He always did have, all the years I can remember. He was very proud of them!"

"I shaved them off some time ago," explained Uncle Fred. "And I must say I don't miss 'em."

There was a long pause, during which Jerry struggled hard to regain his scattered wits.

"Well, if you really are my Uncle Fred, as you say," he cried at last, "I suppose I must believe it. But, even so, I—I can't understand why you're—you're dressed like that. Why, you look like a bricklayer, or a navvy."

Uncle Fred's smile faded and he became quite serious.

"When you so kindly wrote, inviting me to come and stay with you for a few days," he said, "I didn't write a long letter in reply. I just accepted. I thought I could give you all the news when I saw you, much better than in a letter. But supposing I told you now that I am a navvy, working for a navvy's wages?"

"It—it can't be!" gasped Jerry. "Why, I—I always knew you to be quite well off, if not actually rolling in money."

"Supposing I told you that I had lost every penny through unfortunate speculation," went on Uncle Fred, "and that forced me to earn my living as best I can? You'd still be pleased to see your uncle, wouldn't you? And have him stay a few days with you?"

Jerry's brain started reeling again. This was not what he had bargained for at all.

"I—er—that is to say," he stammered, "I'm glad to see you, of course, uncle. But in—in your altered circumstances, I—I think it would be as well, perhaps, if you did not stay longer than you can help. You see?"

"Oh, yes, I see," smiled Uncle Fred. "In plain English, now you've heard that I'm a poor working man, you don't want me here. O.K., I'll go!"

"No, oh, no!" stammered Jerry. "Dud-don't go like that. Stop and have a cup of tea, uncle, before you catch your train back."

"Cup of tea!" roared Uncle Fred. "D'you think I'd have even a cup of tea in your place now? It would choke me! I'm going as soon as I've got this little lot off my chest! Get an earful of this, you scallawag!"

"I'm not poor, and I'm not working as a navvy for my living. Nor have I lost all my money. I only said supposing—and you fell for it, as I expected you would. I got myself up like this on purpose to test you—and I've rumbled you all right."

"And, to clinch matters, when you were talking to your friend at the railway station, the one you borrowed ten bob from, I happened to be standing near and heard every word. So I'm an old billygoat and an old chump, am I? And you were counting on getting something from me before I left, were you? Well, you'll get it now. It's an uncle's farewell!"

With that, the old boy stamped out of the house, and never entered it again. So he has no idea of what a job Jerry had keeping his creditors at bay till he could pay them back.

**(Don't miss Friday week's jolly gawn and show all your chums the good news on page 2.)** 2-11-46

**The OVALTINE'S OWN COLUMN OF AMUSEMENT**

**Ovaltineys**  
*Can you find the Outline of 12 mixed fruit and nuts here?*



**To Find the ANSWERS**

*Face this paper towards a mirror*

Apple, Coconut, Lemon, Walnut, Blackberry, Banana, Pear, Strawberry, Tomato

**T**HERE is a very good reason why the many thousands of Ovaltineys all over the country are such healthy, jolly boys and girls.

Remember that every Ovaltiney makes it a golden rule to drink 'Ovaltine' every day. This delicious food beverage provides special nourishment which helps so much to build up strength, energy and fitness.

Ask mother to make 'Ovaltine' your regular daily beverage. It will help you to be successful in sports and games and to do your best in schoolwork.

Drink delicious

**OVALTINE**

*for Health, Strength & Energy*



# PINHEAD AND PETE

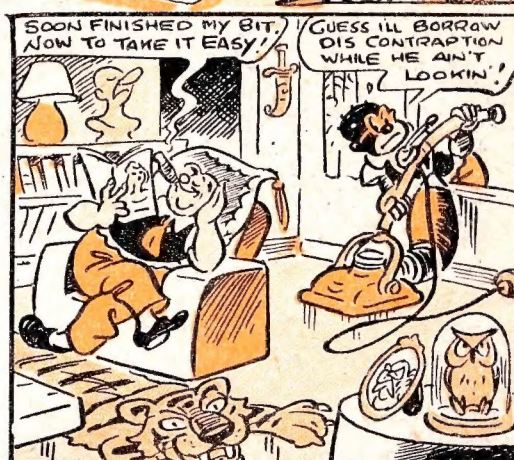
THE BIG BOY IS PROPERLY FLOORED!



1. Having cleaned up all their spare cash, our old friends were obliged to accept a part-time job as house cleaners. Of course, they were warmly welcomed by Mr. Flannelfoot who had a spot of gout.



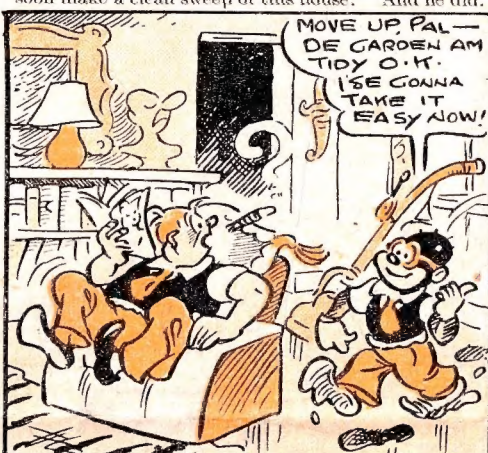
2. So he set our chums to work, and off he went to see his panel doctor. "You can pop outside and tidy up the garden," said Pinhead to Pete. "I can soon make a clean sweep of this house." And he did.



3. Yes, as he had a vacuum cleaner to help him, the big boy had his job jobbed in next to no time. But not so little Pete. He got tired of chasing leaves with his dustpan so he borrowed the vacuum.



4. And as he ran the contraption all over the garden and watched the elusive leaves being sucked in like magic, his joy knew no bounds. "Ha, ha! I guess I'll pop indoors for de rest now," he smiled.



5. So, having replaced the vacuum cleaner just as quietly as he had borrowed it, the coon hopped through the window and soon put an end to Pinhead's peaceful siesta. "I se done de garden," he cried.



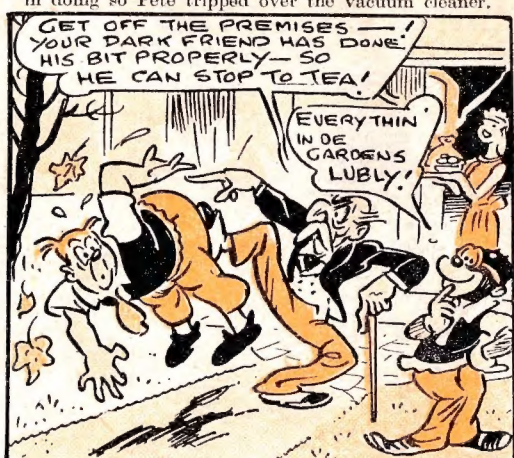
6. "You surprise me!" hooted Pinhead. "And now you've done my nice clean floor a bit of no good with your muddy shoes. Get out of it!" And in doing so Pete tripped over the vacuum cleaner.



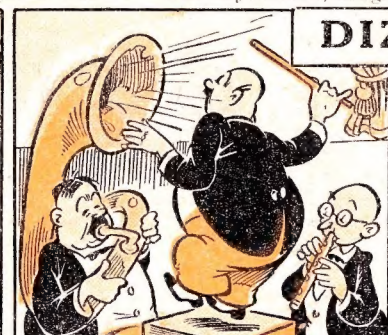
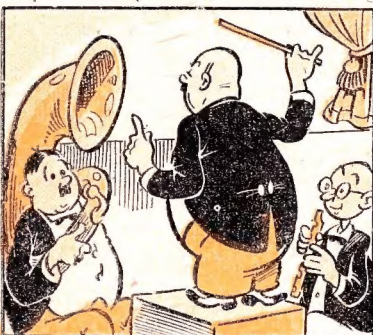
7. That caused it! For he knocked against the lever which made the gadget work in reverse. The result was that when Pinhead switched it on to mop up the muddy marks, out shot all the garden litter!



8. "Wow! What's happened?" gasped the big boy on finding himself knee-deep in dead leaves. And to add to his troubles Mr. Flannelfoot returned at that very moment, and gave him another blowing-up.



9. "Call yourself a cleaner!" he hooted. "Why this room looks worse than a rubbish heap!" And he promptly helped Pinhead off the premises. But as the garden was O.K. Pete clicked for a posh tea.



## DIZZY